

The Journal and Courier

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THE OLDEST DAILY PAPER PUBLISHED IN CONNECTICUT.

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THE WEEKLY JOURNAL, Issued Thursdays, One Dollar a Year.

THE CARRINGTON PUBLISHING CO. OFFICE 400 STATE STREET.

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Notice.

We cannot accept anonymous or return rejected communications. In all cases the name of the writer will be required, not for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

At last the official report of the World's Fair is completed. It comprises 3,500 pages of printed and typewritten matter, is illustrated by 2,000 photographs and bound in twenty-two volumes.

Rev. Dr. Haynes of Troy, New York, was witty if not wise when, before the Baltimore convention of Baptist young people, he said: "God made earth, then rested; then made man and rested; then He made woman, and neither God nor man has had a chance to rest since."

New England cotton manufacturers will be pleased to read that a cotton mill down in South Carolina has just paid a ten per cent. dividend to stockholders and turned in a seventeen per cent. surplus. And it is said, too, that the manager of the factory has been enjoying "a new business experience" while performing his duties.

Oleomargarine has been examined for bacteria and is found to be free from them than butter. The average in butter was 10,000,000 to 20,000,000 microbes to a gramme; in one extreme case 47,000,000. The average in margarine was 4,000,000 to 6,000,000, and the extreme 11,000,000. Cold reduced the margarine microbes from 6,500,000 to 230,000, while it only killed off one-third of those of butter; moreover, no pathogenic bacteria were discovered in the imitation.

The great Siberian railroad which is now completed to Omsk, 2,200 miles from St. Petersburg, is not likely to be a favorite with summer tourists. In one section it runs for sixty miles through a bog where the men engaged in construction had to live in huts built upon piles, which they could reach only in boats. Here the mosquitoes were so numerous and ravenous that 4,000 masks were provided for the workmen.

The Rev. Mr. Funk, of Wichita, Kansas, went out the other day on a crusade against whiskey "jointists." During his absence one of the pursued "jointists" went to his barn, stole his horse and fled from the country. He left a note in the stable saying: "If you want a note of my business to get out of Kansas so bad, surely you will not regret the loss of your horse. You have lost a horse and jointist, but you have gained a victory for God and morality, and you ought to be satisfied." The Rev. Mr. Funk is not satisfied, and he wants the "jointist" and the horse brought back by the police.

The fact that the banks of Salem, Oregon, have recently laid in a supply of cents, so as to be able to make exact change, is a matter for comment in the local newspapers, one of which remarks that "it is getting to be pretty close picking" there. It is only a very few years since the smallest coin in use anywhere west of the Missouri was the nickel, and even now in many of the further western cities the humble cent is despised. In buying at the stores, if the account figures an odd two cents, the customer gets it; if three cents, the customer pays a nickel. But the boom times are passing, and cents are becoming money pretty much everywhere.

It is a notable fact that almost two-thirds of the criminal prosecutions in Maine during the last year, according to official statistics just issued, were for violations of the liquor law. Of 2,294 prosecutions for crime of all kinds 1,444 were of anti-prohibition offenders. The people do not seem to be becoming more moral, from a prohibitionist view, because of the Prohibition law, for there were more offenses against the law last year than the year before. The cost of "the suppression of the liquor traffic" last year ran up to \$4,108 a day in Cumberland county, \$1,208 a day in Androscoggin county, \$1,639.73 in York county, and to a good round sum in the less thickly populated districts.

John—Do you really believe, Maria, that it will be as bad in the next century as these fakers say—Maria—What? "Oh, that the women will be running things and the men will have to stay at home and—"

And what? "Do the housework—the cooking—"

"Not a bit of it! You needn't have any fears that woman will ever get to be that big a fool. She has to eat!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

ROMAN CATHOLICS TROUBLED.

The edict of the pope forbidding members of the Roman Catholic Church in this country to continue in the secret mutual benefit orders is making a large disturbance. It appears that there are not less than 3,000,000 Catholics that carry endowments or insurance on their lives through the secret orders already condemned, or others that are pretty sure to fall under the ban in the near future. The majority of these men are no longer young, and their admission into any of the old-line insurance companies would be an impossibility. Many of them have been carrying their insurance through their respective societies for decades, and the face value of the policy is about all they have to leave to their widows or families when they are called away. Under the edict of the church, however, they are called upon either to forfeit allegiance to their faith, which involves a refusal of the last sacraments or extreme unction in their dying moments, or to forfeit their insurance, with the knowledge that after their death want and privation will be the lot of those they leave behind them.

Some of those who are deeply interested in this matter think that perhaps the holy father issued his edict without a full understanding of its import. Western Roman Catholics are preparing to call a national conference of those of their religious faith who may be members of any one of the secret benefit fraternities that were placed under the ban, with the view of taking steps toward securing a reconsideration of the edict and of putting in concise shape a statement of the great injustice that will be done if the proscription is to be enforced as vigorously as the action of many prelates in the United States would indicate.

SOME TRUE CHRISTIANITY.

The United Religious association is one of the latest and best signs of the times. It was formed on Tuesday, at Ayer, Massachusetts. Twelve Unitarian, eight Congregational, and five Baptist ministers, one Catholic priest, one German Evangelical and one Universalist minister took part in its formation. The object of the association is "fellowship and acquaintance with each other's religious doctrines, local co-operation with each other on the basis of love to God and man, and the furtherance of all social reforms and the bringing in of the kingdom of God."

Perhaps the two most remarkable incidents of the meeting which resulted in the formation of the association were the addresses of Rev. William J. Batt and Father McKenna. Brother Batt told why he considered Pope Leo XIII. one of the most influential workers for Christian unity, and referred especially to his encyclical letter of June 17, 1894. He thought this letter should have some reply, and concerning the kind of reply it should have he said: It should be a grateful reply; the Pope should see that we are sincerely grateful to him personally for his letter; third, it should be an expression of our gratitude for this appeal, regarded as a providence; fourth, the reply should be written on as high a plane of thought as that upon which the Pope has written; and should be, as broad, as statesmanlike (if we may use that term), and as Christian as is the letter of the Pope; fifth, it should contain strong expression of our personal desire for a larger unity; Catholic priests and Protestant ministers now live together, and yet they live apart; it is certain that good Catholic priests and good Protestant ministers will draw together by and by; we have the same ideals, the same great standards, and substantially the same work to do in the world; sixth, it should contain some expression of the faith we have that something will come about by the grace of God, from the great number of movements that are abroad in the world to-day, especially that noble letter of the Pope, for the greater union of all Christian people.

Father McKenna, who took a prominent part in the meeting and was made one of the vice-presidents of the association, said he was present by the willing permission of his spiritual adviser, Vicar-General Byrne. He said, among other things: Good citizenship is what we need most of all in this country. But how can we expect to possess it if we are continually wrangling? I have always associated with Christian ministers on every occasion, and I will continue to do so as long as I live. Religion is needed more to-day than it was 3,000 years ago. How are we going to build the great house of American citizenship? It must be founded on the fundamental truths of religion. This cannot be done when there are continual strife and agitation. Reverend sirs, I was born in the grand old city of Boston. I know what her public schools are and God forbid that I should ever antagonize them. Life, liberty and happiness all hinge upon early training of the public schools of America. Without them America would be one vast desert of illiteracy. It is devoutly to be hoped that the United Religious association will grow and prosper. All kinds of Christians can be better and more usefully employed in untiedly fighting evil than in fighting each other.

He (consulting tea cup)—Ah! You are to be married soon. "Mercy me! to whom?" "To me; I came to-day on purpose to tell you!"—Life.

FASHION NOTES.

A Name At Last For That Front Loose-ness.

Blousette is the comprehensive term that includes all the many sorts of loose fronts that are a feature of all dresses just now. Blousettes of all degrees of elaboration may be bought separately, but the true exquisite has all her blousettes unmistakably designed for wear with but one gown. Owners of ordinary purses cannot, of course, compass such taste, and can only envy, admitting the while that such fronts possess a certain character or distinction that ones capable of being shifted about do not. Take the one at the right in the accompanying illustration, for instance, and there is no denying its superiority over the cheaper looking adjustable ones. Yet the gown is in gingham, pale pink and pale blue striped, so economical folk may at once renew



their interest in the costume. At the top there is a deep yoke of white batiste with lace insertion and lace rosettes, the centre portion extending to the waist front and back. At the neck it is finished with a turned down collar edged with narrow lace, and the sleeves are set in at the extreme edge of the shoulders adding to the apparent width. Bands of wash silk galoon ornament the bodice as well as the cuffs, and give the narrow belt around the waist.

At the left side of the picture there is a dress of corn colored pique made princess with the godets at the side continuing up the front in boxpleats. The back is fitted, but the pleat in front shows the stylish fulness. Belt and standing collar are of brown satin ribbon, the sleeves have very wide and full cuffs gathered at cuffs and armholes, and the only other trimming of the simple gown is a wide collar of embroidery or lace.

Plaids are worn with all sorts of collar shirt-waists, and as there are plaids and plaids, any woman's choice may be as bright as she pleases, but the combination of colors must not effect one like a big smash of kitchen china.

FLORETTE.

INSECURE.

A bald-headed man has no sense of security; he's lost his locks.—Richmond Dispatch.

She—Have you ever loved another? He—Yes; of course. Did you think I'd practice on a nice girl like you?—Life.

Her Father—I'd like to know of some way in which I could pay that young rascal out.

Herself (dutifully)—Let me marry him.—Standard.

"Nay," said the young editress, coldly, to her penitential lover, "ask me not to break every tradition of my chosen calling—I cannot return your love, for calling is unaccompanied by stamps!"—Life.

Elderly Gentleman—This is a remarkably good photo of my son! Very like him, indeed! Has he paid you for it? Photographer—No, sir. Elderly Gentleman—Ah, very like him, indeed.—Tit-Bits.

Bootblack—Dis yer business is mighty hard on me eyes. Customer—On your eyes? Bootblack—Yes; yer see I puts such a dazlin' shine on de shoes it hurts 'em.—Chicago Record.

Teacher—Tommy, what do you understand the author to mean when he says that riches and poverty are merely relative? Tommy—I guess he means that some has rich relatives and some has poor ones.—Indianapolis Journal.

"Mamma?" "Well?" "You licked me last week for whaling Jimmie Watts, and papa licked me yesterday 'cause Johnny Phelps whalloped me." "Well?" "I'm wondering what'll happen some time when it's a draw."—Chicago Record.

New Boarder (passing his tea back)—Will you please put a little more water in my cup, Mrs. Starvern? Landlady (beamingly)—Too strong for you, Mr. Smith?

New Boarder—Not exactly; but when I drink water I don't like too much adulteration.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Kill the Eggs!!
To the Editor of the JOURNAL AND COURIER: An observing person will notice around very many trees, horse posts, fences, etc., quantities of yellow eggs about the size of kernels of rice. These are the eggs of the elm pest and should be destroyed by boiling water, kerosene or Paris green and water. Scraping and washing the trunks of the trees will do some good. A great deal can also be accomplished if every person in New Haven will be a committee of one to kill the yellow-eggs. It has been the fortune of the writer to spend parts of several summers where the pests have been at work and many trees as large and fine as those in this city are dead or dying. Scraping and putting bands around the trunks has been tried. One set of trees was so treated and the bands taken off and shaken into a fire several times a day till the quantity of worms and eggs destroyed was measured by the bushel, but with unsatisfactory results. Spraying the trees has been tried, but the difficulties are so very great that it is not certain whether or not it is a success. The work that can be done this fall is to make every effort to kill the eggs and get ready for spraying the leaves in the spring. To spray the trees thoroughly will be an enormous expense. The public do not yet realize what a calamity threatens this city. Already in New Jersey, along the Hudson river and in several villages in this

state, the former beautiful elms are nothing but dead trunks and branches, while many others are withering up. Every egg destroyed now may prevent hundreds of worms from eating the leaves another year.

"Grey Friars" on the Down Grade.

When poor old Colonel Newcome, in his fallen fortunes, humbly betook himself for shelter to the Hospital of the Grey Friars, it is recorded that there was dismay, and even indignation, among the more exalted members of the family at the degradation which they conceived to have fallen upon their house; and Mrs. Hobson Newcome, in particular, discovered in this humiliation a special judgment of Providence upon the sins of the family. This was fifty years ago or more. Had the tragedy occurred to-day far deeper would have been the dismay of the old and Bryanston Squares. For the Charter House has been going down in the social scale since Colonel Newcome answered "Adam," and at the present moment its condition is in many respects such as to call for public consideration and reform.

The Charterhouse hospital is officially described as designed for the benefit of "deserving men"—bachelors or widows—"who have become reduced by misfortune or accident without their own wilful default," officers in the army or navy, clergymen and merchants, being specially mentioned. These are a few representations of this class now there—officers and gentlemen, with every right and title to the bounty of the pious founder. But what sort of compensation do they keep? It is difficult to ascertain the past record of all the fifty-one inmates; but here are particulars of a few cases, which will serve well enough as samples. Passing over eight unsuccessful shopkeepers and a couple of reduced publicans, I find that one brother was formerly a journeyman baker, another was a footman, a third a sheriff's officer, a fourth a shoemaker, a fifth a clock-winder, a sixth a bar-keeper, and so on. That all of these were worthy men in their several vocations I make no question, nor are these vocations in themselves less honorable than those of military and naval officers. But that is not the point. The objection to the presence of these worthy men in the Charterhouse is, first, that they are not the people for whom the charity was invented; secondly, that their presence there deprives the charity of all value for that portion of the inmates whose right to its benefits is unquestionable. I have it on good authority that about half the present brothers enjoying, as each of them does, couple of rooms, an allowance of thirty-six pounds per annum, a good dinner daily, a ration of bread and butter, lights all the year round, and abundant fuel in winter—so far from being in "reduced circumstances," are as comfortably off as they have ever been in their lives; while to not a few the translation to the Charterhouse must have been a substantial rise in the world. In all such cases the charity is grossly abused. Equally at variance is it with the founder's intention that those gentlemen of better social position who have been provided with an asylum against reverses of fortune in their old age should be forced to associate with others whose conversation, manners, and habits are repulsive to them. On such conditions they can do no better than in the humblest of almshouses, or, for the matter of that, in the workhouse itself. To show to what the Charterhouse has come in this respect, I am assured that there is now among the brothers a transgressor of the laws of his country, who has done his time in prison, and who is so far from being reformed by his past experience that he has brought disgrace upon the Charterhouse black gown by a further lapse from the path of honesty. Another brother has recently withdrawn from the Charterhouse circle for good, after having previously had a temporary change of air in home for inebriates, unfortunately without a permanent cure being effected. That a certain number of the fraternity spend the best part of their time near their annuities in the pot-houses around Smithfield is only what might be expected from such antecedents as I have sketched above; but it does not make them any more desirable as companions of men who have held the Queen's commission in the army of the navy. What room is there for the Colonel Newcomes of the present generation in such a brotherhood?

The Peanut Traffic in St. Louis.
The steamer City of Paducah came in from the Tennessee river one day last week with a partial cargo of peanuts. The crop is a little below the average this season, and the shipments are, therefore, lighter than usual. Capt. Kirkpatrick of the Paducah has much to say of peanuts. He thinks that St. Louis must be pretty fond of them, since each boat of the line usually brings from 3,000 to 5,000 bags on every trip throughout the season.

Peanuts are very hardy members of the potato family. They actually thrive better in poor soil than is rich. They grow deep in the ground, burying their selves near the roots of the parent stem. Their uses are many and important. There is the peanut soup, with which Prussia feeds her army. There is a rich oil made from the peanut. There are the husks of the nuts which are just the thing for fattening hogs. And there is the dried foliage, which is a sort of hay, and which so interests live stock that cows are perfectly willing to break through ten-rail fences in order to reach it. The effect of the peanut hay on the cow is something like the charm that catnip has for grinnalkins. Down in the far south the old darkeys enjoy nothing so much as a mess of pounded peanuts and molasses, which they call a "fry."

Long ago peanuts were not appreciated. The forests were rich with them, but only the black people watched the harvest. The first boat to carry a load of them was the old Mingo, named after a famous Indian chief. When the Mingo reached the Louisville wharf there was great rejoicing over the fifty or sixty bags that she unloaded. Everybody wanted to buy them, and so the upshot of the affair was that M. W. O. Britts of Britts' Landing, who was the starter of peanut shipping, kept himself busy from that time on. He made an enormous fortune in this way, and when Bishop and Speer first started the peanut traffic in St. Louis they had to buy from him. The Mingo's cargo was so great that the boats carried enormous loads of them.

Tennessee is the great peanut state

of the many that devote large tracts of land to the industry. Kentucky and the Carolina come next, and other states are fostering this feature of agricultural development. Perhaps the largest peanut plantation belongs to Mr. Tom Britts, a grandson of the old Mr. W. O. Britts, who, as they say, started the traffic to the north. Britts' Landing in Tennessee is always a scene of action. Blacks hurry about with the brown sacks on their shoulders, and farmers come to the wharf with their crops of peanuts, which they sell for 65 or 70 cents a bushel.—St. Louis Republic.

The Origin of Dancing.

Here is the origin of dancing as found by Mr. Spencer. "Muscular movements in general are originated by feelings in general." "The violent muscular motions of the limbs which cause bounds and gesticulations, as well as those strong contractions of the pectoral and vocal muscles which produce shouting and laughter, become the natural language of great pleasure." Consequently children shout and jump when they are pleased. So when primitive kings are honored by their subjects, they are honored by "irregular jumping and gesticulations, with unorthodox shouts and cries, at first rising without concert, but which gradually by repetition become regularized into the measured movements we know as dances, and the organized utterances constituting songs." It is probable that the bored gentlemen who so far overcome their disinclination to violent exertion in public occasionally to oblige their hostesses by dancing, will receive such a shock from this horrid early affinity with "irregular jumping and gesticulations" as to forego it incontinently. Nevertheless, there is much to be said for Mr. Spencer's view. It was certainly that of early England. A male dancer was a "hepper," and a lady dancer a "hopper," and as regards the emotional uses to which dancing was put, we have still preserved the historic lines depicting the rude joy of the too prosperous and encroaching Flemings in the eastern counties:

"Hoppe Willkin, hoppe Willkin
Engelonde is mine and thine."

Hebraism, to which Mr. Spencer makes frequent references, also looked upon dancing as the "overflow of energy which goes along with elated feeling," and not as an elegant accomplishment at all. The women came out "dancing" to meet Saul, and David "danced" when he brought the ark to Zion. This was "leaping and dancing," which in time became stereotyped as a kind of religious observance, though in time religious dances were dropped, and only the procession survived. Oddly enough, it is the solemn or religious dance which first became the occupation of the "professionals," and was then separated from its religious function, and retained as a mere spectacle. The premiere danseuse and the corps de ballet have therefore a very definite and respectable historical origin. Though the memory of this is quite lost, there is, as every one may see, a curious earnestness and preoccupation or absorption visible in all good ballet-dancing; the savor is affected—behind it lies an extreme concentration of effort to achieve the set figures correctly, which is almost ritual in its intensity.

Spontaneous dancing—not the "irregular jumpings and gesticulations" of ill-regulated and primitive emotion, but the outbreak of utter happiness, which takes the form of dancing in steps which have already been learned—is surely the prettiest and most natural expression of young joy. It is because it is natural and spontaneous that modern emotion never shows itself in that form, except among young children, who, when taught to dance, will often show pleasure by a pas seul, or a duet, of an impromptu character. Otherwise, it would almost seem that spontaneous dancing disappeared after the days of the Greek poets. Then nymphs and maidens would on the slightest encouragement join hands and dance by

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Baked Beans

IN CANS,
to be served either
hot or cold, as you prefer. If hot,
here's the way to prepare them:

Put the can in boiling water
for 30 minutes, or empty the
contents into a sauce-pan
and heat over a fire. Do
not heat in an oven without
opening the can.

Quart Tin (enough for 5 people) 13c.
Picnic Size, - - - 7c.

Edw. E. Hall & Son
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CHASE & CO.,

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OUR LADIES' WAISTS,

Ready-to-wear,
Have at last arrived, and
owing to the lateness of
the season we shall sell
them at

\$2.75.

In style they are simply BEYOND
anything to be found ready-made else
where.

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of the many that devote large tracts of land to the industry. Kentucky and the Carolina come next, and other states are fostering this feature of agricultural development. Perhaps the largest peanut plantation belongs to Mr. Tom Britts, a grandson of the old Mr. W. O. Britts, who, as they say, started the traffic to the north. Britts' Landing in Tennessee is always a scene of action. Blacks hurry about with the brown sacks on their shoulders, and farmers come to the wharf with their crops of peanuts, which they sell for 65 or 70 cents a bushel.—St. Louis Republic.

Apollinaris

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Closed Saturdays at 12 o'clock.
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even in this hot weather. We manage to
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An appetite for three square
meals by tempting people to buy
at our low prices.

Unlike berries or the
froth on a glass of
sparkling fizzee, Fur-
niture and Carpets
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nishings

Last a good while—that is, our
kind do. And so there is money
in it to buy now.

This isn't an argument
—it's a fact.

May we expect a call from you?

P. J. KELLY & CO.,
Grand Ave., Church street.

COMMITTEE ON SEWERS.

THE Committee on Sewers will meet in room 10 and 11, City Hall, on Wednesday, July 24th, 1895, at 8 p. m., at which time the following matters will be considered: Petition of T. F. Fitzpatrick et al. for a sewer in Orchard street, between George and Oak streets, and in Gilbert avenue between Orchard and Elliott streets. Petition of L. R. Watrous et al. for, and remonstrance of Burton Mansfield et al. against, a sewer in Greenwich street, between Kimbrey avenue and the Boulevard sewer. All persons interested in any of the foregoing are hereby notified to appear and be heard thereon without further notice.

Per order, AUGUST D. SANBORN,
Chairman,
EDWARD A. STREET,
Assistant City Clerk.

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